THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

" Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number
" have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—com-
" mencing DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

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POLITICAL.

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THE DANGERS OF THE COUNTRY; *by the author of War in Disguise.*

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(Continued from page 243.)

Fas est et ab hoste doceri, is a maxim which was not thought unworthy of the policy of the wisest nations of antiquity. The Romans adopted with ardour those inventions and improvements in the art of war which, by rendering their enemies unusually formidable, appeared to them worthy of imitation. Julius Cæsar condescended to learn of the Gauls, and Bonaparte is said to have borrowed from the Mamelukes, some of their peculiar customs and modes of fighting. If such conduct was wise, it surely must be incumbent on those nations who are not prepared to pass under the yoke of France, to study the systems which led to her success, that they may be able to meet her on equal terms. Even her diplomatic arts are only to be counteracted by the wisdom of the serpent. emissaries should be met by counter-emissaries, as we employ police officers to detect thieves and assassins.

Notwithstanding we believe that the principles and diplomatic arts of France have done much in effecting her purposes, yet we are fully convinced that her present ominous superiority, is in no slight degree to be attributed to the military skill of her commanders, and the *new system of tactics* which was adopted by the politicians of revolution.

In consequence, likewise. of the dreadful despotism which the revolution introduced, the destruction of property, and the tenures by which it had been holden, the army became the only resource for thousands, who possessed comfortable establishments under the former order of things, and the times at length became so troublous that every citizen was compelled to become a soldier.

Not so in Great-Britain. Her inhabitants ars absorbed in a vast variety of pursuits, which are interwoven in the most complicated and artificial state of society that the world ever beheld, and cannot, with facility, exchange the citizen for the soldier. Although we are willing to grant, (to use a common expression among the loyal of the lower classes) that " John Bull will not *put his regimentals on for nothing*," we fear his new suit will set, at first, a little awkwardly, and he will feel an almost invincible inclination to return to his former occupations.

Thus the volunteer establishments seem like sickly exotics nurtured in the hot-beds of civilization, and it is to be feared, will not endure a permanent exposure to the rude blasts of war.

Thus our author:

" Various objections have been made to these establishments on the score of discipline, which no candid friend to them will affirm to be wholly unfounded. A still more serious objection, however, is that both their discipline and their effective force, is very generally and rapidly declining. But what has always appeared to me the chief defect in these corps, and the natural source of their decay, is a vice in their

original constitution; I mean the indiscriminate mixture of men of widely different ages, and bodily habits, of which they are composed.

"Of all qualities in a soldier, his physical powers are of the greatest importance; but more especially, when his services are likely to be of a severe and laborious kind; and still more, when he is suddenly to be called from the habits of civil life, into actual service. I would by no means undervalue the effects of patriotic and military ardour, with which our volunteers, if opposed to an invading enemy, would, I doubt not, be generally inspired. But though the body, in such cases, may be powerfully sustained by the mind, there are limits to the possible effect of such an influence; and the qualities of the inferior part of our natures will unavoidably determine, in a great degree, our powers of military exertion. It is not in the love of country, long to sustain under the sense of cold, hunger, and fatigue, a man of tender habits, who has passed the prime of his life without any acquaintance with such hardships.

"That our volunteers must unavoidably be in such respects inferior to regular troops, is evident. They are not inured, by long and constant practice, to the duties of a military life: they are, for the most part, men unaccustomed even to those laborious branches of civil industry, which are the best nurseries for the army; and a great majority of them are inhabitants of cities and large towns; men of domestic and sedentary habits, to whom, even exposure to the inclemency of the weather, is a novelty, and a hardship.

"But though some of these disadvantages are inherent in the very nature of the institution in question, they certainly now exist in a much greater degree than was necessary. We have more townsmen, and fewer villagers among our volunteers, than we might and should have had, but for causes to be presently noticed. We have also more men of the middle and upper ranks of society, in proportion to the hardy poor, than would have been inrolled, if those accidental causes had not existed.

"The most unfortunate defect of all, however, and which greatly aggravates the effects of all the rest, is one which might most easily have been prevented, and which still admits of a remedy. I mean the number of volunteers to be found in every corps, who have passed the meridian of life, or at least the age of juvenile activity and vigor, and yet are indiscriminately mixed in the ranks, with much younger and abler associates.

"There is a season in life when our ductile natures may be most easily bent to new habits; and when the elasticity of our muscles and animal spirits, is proof against the severest pressure. The same is the season, when brisk and vigorous action is luxury, rather than fatigue; and what we are prone to by the impulse of nature, even when duty points to repose. The imagination also is then powerfully impressed by the charms of novelty, in every employment, and sympathies of all kind, but especially in bold and ardent pursuits, have an irresistible influence. If man at such a season of life, has peculiar animal qualifications for a soldier, much more for a volunteer. If he be fit for gradual and permanent, much more for sudden and unaccustomed service in war; and especially if that service be of a brisk, active, and laborious kind.

"This season is early manhood. It may vary greatly as to age, in different constitutions; but its limits, I conceive, are in general those of the French conscription, namely, from eighteen to twenty-five. Some of these qualities, indeed, belong also to our boyhood, and some of them may be unimpaired at thirty; but I speak of a time when the body has nearly, or fully acquired its maturity of strength, without any diminution of juvenile spirits.

"And here, though it may lead me to digress a little, and upon a subject with which I have no professional acquaintance, I will not suppress an opinion, that *France owes her military success, in a great measure, to the youth of her soldiers.*

"It is a common remark, among those who have had the misfortune to see much of the French armies, that they are almost entirely composed of striplings, or very young men. And indeed how can the case be otherwise? The slaughter of the sanguinary wars that have raged since 1792, must have left few veterans now remaining, who had served under their lawful sovereign; and the requisitions, now called conscriptions, by which such immense armies have since been annually raised, have not yet comprised a single man above the age of twenty-five. Reckoning, therefore, from 1792, when that system began, the oldest soldier produced by it, has not yet attained forty; while an equal number at least, even of the earliest requisition, must be seven years younger. But supposing equal numbers to have been raised by it in each year, and to have comprised an equal proportion of men of every age, from eighteen to twenty five, it would follow, that a majority of the whole, if living, would now be under twenty-nine. The classes, however, who have served the greatest number of years, must, *cæteris paribus*, have been the most reduced by losses in action, and other casualties of war. Supposing, therefore, that in respect

of natural causes of mortality, the chance of a youth of eighteen, to be found alive at the distance of fourteen years, only equals that of a man of twenty-five, it is plain that the surviving conscripts of a later must be far more numerous than those of an earlier requisition."

Our author next proceeds to show that some of the physical evils attending the volunteer system, may, in a great degree, be surmounted by a different modification of the systems for defence adopted by Great-Britain.

"In this respect, the composition of every army which they have conquered, has been very different. The Austrian and Prussian battalions, which they have so strangely overwhelmed, the latter especially, contained a large proportion of old or middle aged soldiers. Perhaps, with equal numbers to the French, they could have counted twice as many years. The same, I apprehend, has been the case with such Russian armies as have been chiefly engaged in these disastrous wars.

"The British army, from its fatal employment in the West-Indies, has, alas! not much longevity. A great part of it has been formed, during the last and present war, by very young recruits; and this circumstance also seems, when we regard the success of our arms, rather to support than oppose the conclusion to which I reason. I am far from ascribing, indeed, to the youth of our soldiery alone, the failure of the enemy's fortune in the field, when opposed to British battalions. The gallantry of our officers and troops, and their hereditary sense of superiority to our insolent neighbours, might sufficiently account for it. But the army of Egypt, I apprehend, had but a small proportion of veterans in the ranks; and the brave corps which so well sustained the military fame of their country at Maida, were chiefly composed of very young men,

"I am aware that it has the air of heresy in the science of war, to regard men who have just emerged from boyhood, as an overmatch for veterans in the field. But if there be any truth in the preceding observations, this is not merely an opinion; it is a fact; and the business is, not to prove, but explain it. The young soldiery of France, have, in fact, triumphed over the veteran troops of their continental enemies.

"Innumerable attempts have been made at different times, and in reference to the various disasters of our allies, to account for this uniform success of the enemy, by the treason of generals, the disaffection of troops, and by accidents of various kinds; but the solutions are all either inadequate, or highly incredible; as well as inconsistent with each other. Let us try then whether this very disparity of age between the soldiers of the contending armies, may not, in spite of old received notions, go far to explain the whole.

"Bonaparte, and other French generals, have repeatedly spoken of the old tactics with contempt; and it is at length become fashionable, with those who have, as well as with those who have not, some little knowledge of the subject, to cry down the old art of war. We begin to look back on Marlborough and Turenne as drivellers, who did nothing great in comparison with what they might have effected; but spent half an age in slowly attaining what ought to have been the work of a month. If, however, Marlborough or Turenne had commanded the youthful revolutionary armies of France, I cannot help thinking that they would have discovered the same new methods of warfare, which so many French generals have practised, and used them with equal success: for great commanders, in all ages, seem to have been men of strong natural parts, who triumphed, not by a pedantic adherence to established rules, but by the application of plain common sense to the circumstances in which they were placed. It was, I conceive, not difficult to discover that the cautious and dilatory system formerly in vogue, was not fit for those inexhaustible multitudes of ardent young soldiers, whom France, in the delirium of her enthusiasm for liberty, poured forth upon her enemies.

"The situation of the republic, at first, prescribed impetuous and decisive operations; and what was perhaps then but a daring and necessary effort, became afterwards, from its signal success, an established new system of war. Without depreciating the value of the discovery, it may with probability be supposed to have been, like many others of great importance, the result of accident, rather than design. Bonaparte's genius may possibly be as great as his fortune; but the new tactics were Moreau's before they were Bonaparte's, and Pichegru's before they were Moreau's.

"All I wish to establish, however, is, that the success of this new system has been promoted by the peculiar and advantageous circumstance in question, the youth of the French soldiers. A Frenchman, from the vivacity of his nature, has a juvenile impetuosity even in sober manhood. How much more, when sent into the field between 18 and 25. With such a soldiery it might have been difficult to

sit down to sieges and blockades; or cautiously to watch the movements of an enemy, as on a chess-board, through a tedious campaign: but it was easy to overwhelm him at once, by a rapid march, and an impetuous attack.

"One of the greatest advantages of this grand physical distinction, is the capacity which young men have of sustaining for a long time, with far less inconvenience than their seniors, an excess of violent exercise; and of this Bonaparte has availed himself beyond any of his predecessors. It is perhaps the chief source of his superiority to them in brilliant achievements. His astonishing march over Mount Cenis into the plains of Italy; his still more rapid advance from Boulougne to Bavaria and Ulm; what were they, but wonders performed by youthful alacrity and vigour. His enemies were taken by surprise, and ruined, because they thought such marches impossible; and so they would really have been, to elderly or middle aged soldiers.

By the same means, he has been able to make the fruits of a victory decisive, and the rout of an enemy irretrievable, beyond all former example. Not to mention the celerity of his movements after the capitulation of Ulm, the late unprecedented fate of the Prussian army, subsequent to the battle of Auerstadt, affords too strong an instance of it.

I have already touched on that painful subject; and if more need be offered, to illustrate the physical disparity between the pursuers and the pursued, let Gen. Blucher's narrative be read. He does not indeed remark, that his veteran soldiers were opposed to much younger men; but the remark is needless. We find, that though traversing a friendly country, his soldiers were fainting with fatigue and hunger, and dropping, by fifties at a time, on the road; so that at last he brought but a remnant of his original force in miserable plight to Lubeck; while his more vigorous pursuers, followed close at his heels, passed as enemies through the same country which he had previously exhausted, arrived in full force, almost at the same moment with him on the coast of the Baltic, and in such unimpaired spirits, as to storm his batteries before they halted. The contradictions publicly given to this narrative by the enemy, certainly deserve little confidence; otherwise they would greatly strengthen these remarks But this much cannot be denied—that the French had marched as many miles as the Prussians—that they must have set off with as little food, or else have been more incumbered on their way; and that a friendly territory, in which Gen. Blucher, by spreading his army over a circumference of thirty miles, could hardly obtain refreshment, could not a few hours after, have yielded greater relief to his enemies. At the same time the brave old General speaks, in the highest terms, of the resolution and patience of his troops. They did therefore all that they could."

"Whether, therefore, in advancing or retreating, our enemies triumph by the juvenility of their soldiers, their innovations on the old system of war, are calculated to make the most of this advantage. They have wisely turned war from a minuet into a race; for they are sure that their veteran enemies will first be out of breath.

"Nor is the same superiority unfelt in the field of battle. No man has as much active or animal courage at 45, as he had at 21. The passive courage of the veteran, it is true, may be increased, rather than diminished by experience; that is, he may stand longer motionless under a cannonade, or the fire of musquetry; and be more coolly obedient to orders, and observant of discipline. Hence also the old tactics suited him perhaps better than the new. But now, the steadiness of troops alone will not suffice; their strength and spirits are tried to the uttermost, by brisk, persevering, and reiterated attacks; new troops are brought up from distant quarters, with such rapidity, that they arrive before they were known to be on the march; and the bayonet is employed with a frequency formerly unknown. Sometimes it is brought into action late in a hard fought day; and when a line of steady veterans are already fatigued, and nearly exhausted, by a long continued engagement, they are suddenly assailed with that formidable weapon. At the battle of Marengo, victory long hovered in suspense; and the Austrians, after many hours of brave and arduous conflict, were about, perhaps, to reap the fruits of their perseverance, when the same young soldiers, who had lately rushed from Dijon across the Alps, charged them vigorously with the bayonet, and the fate of Europe was decided."

These ideas, we confess, are to us in a great degree novel; but they are certainly of great importance, and highly deserve the serious investigation of a nation of freemen, who may one day be called to oppose barriers to that torrent which has inundated the fairest part of Europe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The continued, unjust indecent, and highly injurious clamour, which the democratic newspapers have raised against the gentleman, whose case is the subject of the following article, renders it incumbent on those who are friends to truth, liberty, and justice, to take a decided part in favour of the injured individual. When we see artful and tyrannical demagogues attempting to overwhelm by popular odium, and thus subject to a punishment as unmerited as it is intolerable, a man whom the laws of his country have declared innocent of the crime with which they would stigmatize him, every hand ought to be lifted, and every pen volunteered in his defence. If a man has been honourably acquitted, after an impartial trial, by the laws of his country, shall our slanderous and unprincipled demagogues subject him to a new trial, before the tribunal of public opinion, and no one appear in his defence? We hope not; we will raise our voice, however feeble, against this kind of tyranny, which is more to be dreaded than Asiatic despotism.

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From the Port Folio.

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Mr. SELFRIDGE's CASE.

We have hitherto preserved a profound silence upon this subject; for we deemed it highly improper *pendente lite*, either to examine the law relative to homicide, or to relate the circumstances which attended the catastrophe. It is, however, by no means so unwarrantable to state exculpatory circumstances, pending a prosecution, as it is those which tend to criminate. In the former case, we do but concur with the presumption of law, which supposes every man innocent, until he is convicted of guilt. In the latter case, by pre-occupying the public mind with anticipated guilt, we violate a principle essential to the existence of civil liberty; we inevitably preclude the accused from the possibility of a fair trial; and we defeat the benignant provisions of the common and statute laws of the country. The democratic presses unanimously pursued a course opposite to that which we adopted as the rule of our conduct. From the first moment of Mr. Selfridge's confinement until his final deliverance, they exerted all their malignant influence to profane the altar, to prostitute the temple, and to poison the fountains of justice. Mr. Selfridge neither replied to his enemies, nor appealed to the justice nor compassion of his friends.

No federal paper in the Union ever attempted to excite popular prejudice against any individual who had surrendered himself to the law; and whose life was to be put in issue at the bar of his country. No federal paper ever pursued an individual, after a fair and honourable acquittal, by a miscellaneous panel. Mr. Selfridge did not challenge a single political adversary on the jury. Nothing could more strongly evince the proud confidence which he felt in his own innocence.

We do not hesitate to declare in the most unqualified manner, that the life of no gentleman in our country, since the revolution, has been put in such imminent peril by extra-judicial means. Never before has the liberty of the press been employed to invade the jurisdiction of the courts of justice; and the Federalists have discovered the most torpid apathy, at this violation of all principle, and with it all security. *The torrent roared;* but *they did not buffet it.* They regarded it as the murmurings of a distant waterfall, reckless of the desolating consequences which must ensue from non-resistance. If a man, who has committed a supposed crime, be abandoned by the laws to jacobinic cannibals; if Democracy unbolt her kennels and let her bloodhounds upon the chase; if a Judge *who dare expound the law*,

be torn from the seat of his authority, or degraded in it; if witnesses and juries be stigmatized with perjury, for having done their duty; if counsel for the accused must encounter all the scoffings, and insults, and revilings of the scullion crew and demoniac rabble; we may indeed exclaim, "Farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness." Must we bow down in sorrowful accordance to these miserable measures, "or by OPPOSING, end them?" are we to teach our children to cherish and revere the lofty sentiments of ancient liberty; or must the rising generation be taught to venerate the genuine Robespierian Democracy as the legitimate legacy of their fathers?

Notwithstanding we had determined to make no comments pending the prosecution, yet, since the acquittal, we have felt loosened from that restraint. Still we did not immediately enter upon the subject, apprehending the possibility of misconceiving some principle, or mistating some fact. The Report of the Trial, and Mr. Selfridge's own defence, are both in the hands of the public; and we will now essay a brief compendium of the whole transaction.

Mr. Selfridge was applied to professionally, by a publican, to institute a suite against Mr. Austin and two other persons, who composed a democratic committee of arrangements, and who furnished a dinner upon Cop's Hill on the 4th of July, the committee not being willing to pay the innkeeper the sum which he demanded. The conduct of Mr. Selfridge on this occasion was highly creditable to himself. Although he was offered the demand by the publican for less than its moiety; by which he would have gained a hundred pounds or more, he absolutely declined to purchase it, alledging, "*that every honest man set his face against such practices*," and advised the innholder to settle the demand himself, or to submit it to reference. After much more delay than professional gentlemen usually give, a suit was commenced; soon after which a settlement took place. The malicious Federalists became acquainted with the facts, and were so outrageous as to laugh at, and despise the contemptible meanness of the committee. Mr. Austin was undoubtedly galled at these *quips and quirks, and paper-bullets of the brain*; and as he had long been in the habit of reviling the gentlemen of the bar, he had nothing to do but to add a new lie to his old catalogue. He declared to a Mr. Babcock, one of his own party, "*that Selfridge had solicited the suit*;" and he used similar expressions of the "*Federal lawyer*" who filled the writ; and declared if it had not been for such *disgraceful interference*, no difficulty would have ensued. These declarations having come to the knowledge of Mr. Selfridge, he called on Austin, who gave him no satisfaction. The next day he sent Austin a polite note by a friend, requesting him *to have the goodness to do him the justice to enter his protest* against the falsehood, which he had circulated relative to his professional conduct, in the cause above alluded to. Although Austin acknowledged that he had propagated the story, he refused to retract it. After much shuffling and many prevarications by Mr. Austin, Mr. Selfridge wrote him a second note, couched in very caustick terms, and which would have probably terminated in an affair of honour, *had not the better part* of Mr. Austin's *valour* consisted in DISCRETION. One of two alternatives was peremptorily demanded by Mr. Selfridge. Either that he should acknowledge in writing, the falsehood which he had propagated; or give up the name of his author. These reasonable and pacific terms were refused; and the calumny was still circulating, to the great detriment of Selfridge. After the lapse of two or three days, Mr. Selfridge posted Austin in the Boston Gazette, as "A LIAR, A COWARD, and A SCOUNDREL," alleging in his note his reasons for so doing. On the same day, Austin instigated his son, a vigorous, athletic young man, about nineteen years of age, to beat Selfridge on the public exchange. Stimulated with brandy, and armed

with a club, he sallied out to meet, as he supposed, his *unarmed* adversary. The moment he saw Selfridge, without giving any notice, he ran upon him with an uplifted bludgeon, with a degree of violence, which denoted an intention of depriving Selfridge of the power of resistance by the force of his first blow. The weapon was a nine ounce hickory cane, selected that morning for the purpose. The first blow across Selfridge's head, was so powerful as to break through a "*stiff fur hat*," and inflicted a wound so severe, that his surgeon declared "*it might have been attended with fatal consequences.*" The assailant was repeating his blows, when Mr. Selfridge, with all possible dexterity, took a pistol from his side pocket, and by discharging it, put a period to the existence of his opponent. Whether the pistol was fired before, or after the first blow, we consider perfectly immaterial. By the strictest legal principels, no man is bound passively to receive a blow which may endanger his person; and WE MOST DECIDEDLY HOLD, THAT DISGRACE IS TO BE AVOIDED, AT EVERY HAZARD. Mr. Selfridge immediately and voluntarily surrendered himself into the hands of justice; he submitted to his fate with manliness; and he has surmounted his difficulties with honour. The laws of his country, not from any failure of testimony; not from any lack of asperity in his prosecutor; not from any predominance of party spirit; but from the immutable principles of justice, have pronounced him innocent, and have justified his deed. In the rectitude of this decision, after a careful inspection of the report of the trial, we heartily accord: and it is our unalterable opinion, that the blood of an imprudent son lies at the door of a wicked father.

We again enter our solemn protest against all discussions,* tending to prejudice the public against any prisoner, who is to be tried for any capital or subordinate offence; and also against persecuting a man by newspapers or mobs, after he has been honourably acquitted by a jury. This is indeed ASSAILING THE VERY CITADEL OF TIBERTY. We hope that upon this great principle of security the Federal Editors will take a decided stand.

* The Editor of the Port Folio is solicitous to recal the attention of the public to a similar system of tyranny, exercised towards him *prior* to his taking his trial in the year 1805, for a libel against democracy. Long before the presentment was made or a bill found against him, men, in general, and the State's Attorney in particular, were, in a prostitute paper published in this city, *goaded* to the commencement of legal hostilities. The event of that ridiculous warfare is notorious. The Editor gained a most signal victory over the malignant foe, whose impotent efforts he now remembers with no other emotions than those of compassion and contempt. But the attempt, on the part of a foreign renegado, to prejudice a public and to dictate to a court, was so absurd as well as atrocious, that it never could have been dreamed of, much less hazarded, under any honest, virtuous, or stable polity. A proceeding so romantically wild, and so unblushingly flagitious, was reserved as a sort of new farce, to be exhibited with mountebank dexterity, among the SHIFTING SCENES OF A COMMONWEALTH.

Actuated by a sincere wish to be instrumental to the full extent of our limited sphere, in bestowing on the successful exertions of genius, the meed of merited applause, we are happy in republishing the following extract from a Law Report, which appeared in the Evening Post of the 16th instant, and was stated to have been revised and corrected by "THE REPORTER."

LAW REPORT.

Maturin Livingston, vs. *James Cheetham*. } Action for a libel, plea not guilty, with a special notice of justification.

This cause came on for trial on Thursday last, at the present circuit, before chief justice Kent. Counsel for the plaintiff, *Slosson*, *Griffin*, and *Col-*

den; for the defendant, *Rose*, *Riker*, and *Wilkins*.

As the jury did not agree on a verdict, the cause is to be considered as still pending, and therefore a *report* of it is, for many obvious reasons, very improper, but the defendant has not permitted any such reflections to have weight with him, and, in his paper of Saturday has given the public a long circumstantial, but very imperfect account of the cause. This is one of the many gross improprieties, which we have long witnessed in the Jacobin prints in our country, and especially in the one edited by the defendant, in this town. They are forever interfering with our courts of justice—they regard them as they do every thing else, as being entirely subservient to the ruling party in politics. So licentious in this particular, is the conduct of an editor, in a neighbouring state, and such a scandalous ascendency has he obtained, that no man stands any chance of a fair trial, who has ever been distinguished as his political or personal enemy. Politics, we are proud to say, have hardly yet ventured into our courts of justice, and as long as we preserve this sanctuary pure, good men have something upon which to rest their hopes. But I am wandering too far—My object was, to say it would have been improper to make any statement of the above case, had not the defendant, by his conduct, rendered it necessary. What I have to state, however, shall be very concise, and particularly confined to rebut some observations of the defendant, in reporting his own case.

The suit was brought on the following article published in the Citizen, of Sept. the 12th, and the Watch Tower, of Sept. 13th, 1805, viz.

"*A moot point.*—A. brings an action against B. for the publication of a libel, and in his declaration sets forth that he is of "good name, fame, credit and reputation *Quere*—Can B. plead that A. is not of good name, fame, credit, and reputation; for that, whereas, at a *card table*, he has been detected in cheating?

"The editor has been favoured with the *declaration* of his excellency's recorder, by which it appears that he intends to try the cause at Albany. What is the plain language of this? That the citizens of the city of New-York cannot be trusted with the issue. I hereby authorize the district attorney, attorney general, or any other person, to bring an action against the said recorder of his excellency, for this mean, despicable libel on our citizens."

Mr. Slosson was the opening counsel for the plaintiff, and in a neat, perspicuous speech, though, in some parts delivered in too low a tone, laid before the jury the nature and importance of the cause they had to try. In the course of his address he made a classical and pertinent allusion to an odious character of antiquity, as drawn by Tacitus, to whom he compared the defendant in this cause.

Messrs. Wm. L. Rose, Riker, and Wilkins followed, but since their observations, as stated by the reporter, may be omitted without any very essential injury to the reputations of these gentlemen, we shall pass on to the sketch given of the eloquence and energetic address of Mr. Griffin.

Mr. Griffin then rose on the part of the plaintiff, and delivered a speech of about one hour in length. To follow him is not possible, and to attempt to give the substance would be to do him injustice. It was the most impressive speech on the subject of exemplary damages, I ever heard delivered in a similar case.

As to the first point made by the defendant, that he did not mean the plaintiff; he said if the jury would only give themselves the trouble to read the whole article, (for it was but one) in connexion, they would see not only that the two paragraphs might be connected, but that they could not be separated. To separate them and read the last by itself, unconnected with the former, would make nonsense, and the

writer an idiot; now it was a maxim of law, that no man should be permitted to come into court and stultify himself; but every body who knew the defendant, would allow him a certain portion of abilities, however they might think of his character in other respects.—The language of the second paragraph if attended to, would be found decisive of the point. The first paragraph states an action to be brought by A. against B. for a libel, and in his declaration sets forth that he is of a good name, fame, &c. and asks whether B. can plead that A. has been detected cheating at cards? And then follows, (with a little dash between,) the Editor has been favoured with *the* declaration of his excellency's recorder, by which it appears that he intends to try *the* cause at Albany. What declaration? What cause? No other, it *can* be no other, said Mr. G. than *the* declaration, and *the* cause just before mentioned:—and, added Mr. Griffin, permit me to observe, it is not only disingenuous in the defendant to attempt to avail himself of this quibble, but there is something excessively mean and cowardly in it.

As to the second point taken, that Mr. Livingston had recovered heavy damages in other suits against the defendant for slander this he declared struck him as a curious novelty. Was the principle, he asked, ever advanced before, that when a criminal was brought to the bar to receive his sentence, he might be permitted by way of mitigation to lift a lock of hair, and show that he had already lost one ear by clipping for a similar offence? Or when a criminal was about to receive sentence of imprisonment in the state prison, did any one ever plead, that he had once before been there, but had broken out? Mr. G. believed that this sort of defence was a discovery that had been reserved for the nineteenth century.

But the defendant's consel had come into court, and declared to the court and jury, that they did not believe one word of the slander, for which the action was brought; they fully acquitted the plaintiff; they declared themselves free of all suspicion, and this they thought ought to satisfy him, and to operate with the jury to give slight damages. But Mr. G. called on the jury to recollect that it was now nearly two years, since this infamous slander had been put into circulation; during all this period it was never once followed by any contradiction, but was permitted freely to go forth into all parts of the city and country. Not content with sending it round the city in his daily paper he had transferred it into his country paper, and sent it to the four corners of the earth; not merely through the United States, but across the Atlantic; it stared him full in the face uncontradicted, and would be pointed at years and years to come, to the reproach of the plaintiff's children and family, long after he was sleeping in the silent tomb.—Nay, said he, they have made out a written justification of this slander, and placed it upon the record, there it will forever remain, as a monument on marble engraved with a pen of iron. And now when the hour of punishment has arrived, and they have discovered there is not a tittle of evidence to support them, now shall they be permitted to avail themselves of such a concession as this, made at this time, in such a manner, in such a place, before about fifty people? Is this an atonement for a calumny that has been read by thousands in this city, this country, all over the world, by the present generation, and which may be read by posterity?

Mr. G. made a forcible appeal to the jury in behalf of individual character, and in behalf too of the American press itself, the reputation and security of which, he contended was now at stake. It was for them to shew the world, how highly they estimated, or how cheaply they held character. There was no avoiding the responsibility they had incurred by their situation; it was for them to put a stop to the torrent of calumny, which was overwhelming the country, and was the source of all the evil and the misery the world endured. He told them, if they could be so lost to reflection and to consequences, as to

turn a plaintiff out of court with trifling damages, in a cause of this sort, and thus add insult to injury, they would soon find that plaintiffs would not continue to come there for redress—The laws of honour, as they were called, would be appealed to, and that justice demanded in the field of death, which had been sought for in vain, of courts and juries. The gentleman on the other side had seemed to think that a man ought to receive no compensation for injuries done to his character; but in my apprehension, said Mr. G injury to character is the most terrible of all injuries. A man may lose his house by fire, or his property by shipwreck; industry, however, may rear another habitation, friends may be generous, the world may be compassionate, good fortune may smile, the loss may be got over and no longer felt, but reputation once destroyed, the calamity is remediless.

As to the character of the deliberate, malignant libeller, said Mr. G. I hold it in the utmost abhorrence and detestation. He who will cooly and wilfully rob his fellow citzen of his character, will be guilty of any crime, and is forever a coward. He will not scruple to commit high treason, robery, or arson, nor to raise the midnight dagger and "assassinate in the unsuspecting moments of sleep."

[This was a stroke not to be parried nor slighted; the defendant was overwhelmed. That face which never blushed before, was incrimsoned, and that head which with impudence unparalled had held itself up till now, suddenly sunk down in an agony of shame on his breast, amidst a sort of soft hiss, which pervaded the hall.]

Mr. G. conjured the jury on this occasion to lay aside, if any had it to lay aside, all political feelings of every sort. Let there (said he) be one place where the friend of party spirit comes not, let us keep our courts of justice pure and uncontaminated, and we may yet boast of our country. He begged them to seize this occasion to protect the American press—It was the vestal fire that ought to be kept for ever burning. The only danger of extinguishment it had to apprehend arose from its uncontrolled abuse. Better destroy it at once, than thus suffer it to be made the instrument of destroying the peace of families for ever. "It was at once the mother and daughter of freedom, let it not then become the prostitute of licentiousness."

I wish, Mr. Printer, I had time to follow this young advocate through his speech, even according to the best of my recollection; but I have not, and must therefore stop here.

Mr. Colden rose after him and told the court he should not add any thing to what had been said by his associate; but being urged by Mr. Griffin, and some other professional gentlemen, he spoke about ten minutes, confining himself principally to answering some legal objections that had been stated on the other side. He finished with paying a handsome compliment to the gentleman who had preceded him.

The judge then charged the jury in a few words. He recapitulated the princial evidence and gave it as his opinion, that the paragraphs must be considered as one article, and as alluding to the plaintiff. The only question for them he thought would be, as to the quantum of damages. That the charge made against the plaintiff, that he had been detected cheating at cards, was one calculated to hold him up to the odium and contempt of his fellow-citizens; it deserved too to be remembered that this charge was made against him when he was Recorder of this city, the second law officer in it, and that this was a circumstance in high aggravation.

The jury retired about a quarter past three, and at about eleven in the evening returned to inform the court, there was no prospect of their ever agreeing; on which they were discharged.

The Editor of the "MONTHLY REGISTER," *once more.*

"I cannot but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the

reflections are made. It is true it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit*, and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful."

Prolegomena and Illust. to the Dunciad.

In our last number we took some trifling notice of the pilfering propensities of the conductor of the Monthly Register, with a determination not to put ourselves to any further trouble about him or his productions. But on further deliberation we were led to conclude that the interests of literature demanded some little further attention to a gentleman of his description, who, we are informed, has deceived many, and passes with some for a very prodigy of learning. We shall, however, content ourselves with giving a few specimens of the style and sentiments of this literary phenomenon, from a work which he published in England, entitled, "Critical and Philosophical Essays, by the Author of the Adviser."—1803.

"It is my intention, says Mr. B. to devote a few essays to the consideration of Blair's Lecture on Rhetoric, which, I am persuaded, have done much harm, in leading men from the true and only sound principles of sound criticism, the investigation of the human mind, to a mere superficial attention to something which they do not understand, whereby our unhappy kingdom is sadly infested by ignorant babblers upon taste and refinement. As the principles of the human mind are so fully laid down in the "Tractate on Education," by the *author of the Adviser*, I shall not repeat what has been there said, but, taking them as data for my reasonings, bring Blair's observations to them, as a test of his accuracy and precision in treating the subjects which he has chosen for consideration." p. 176—7.

"This is the common and hackneyed cant of *all shallow and superficial writers, from the first dunce that ever blotted paper, down to Hugh Blair.*" p. 183.

Speaking of the necessity of the early cultivation of the imagination, he says,

"It can never be effected by going over such stupid books as Blair's, which are disgusting to every man who thinks and reasons, and pernicious to all those who neither reason nor think" p. 243—4.

"I would as soon expect a man with two wooden legs to dance a hornpipe, as that Blair would write well on the Belles Lettres. In good truth the animal had no imagination, and very little perceptibility—*he was as dull as a bull of Bœotian breed.* He might do well for a preacher at a kirk, but was not in the least calculated to be a critic, who ought to be endued with the finest sensibility, and to posses a *blaze and brilliancy of imagination* that can lighten at once upon all the beauties of an object." p 25—6.

"Blair seems very fond of wishing to show that he understands a great variety of subjects; but his very superficial acquaintance with every thing involving reason and science, should have taught him that however easy it might be to put himself off as a luminary upon a parcel of raw, uneducated, and barbarous children, that listened with gazing astonishment to the lectures delivered in his school room; yet his darkness must be visible, when he ventured to issue from his den of obscurity into the broad glare of public notice."

After observing that Dr. Blair requires slowness of delivery, propriety of pronunciation, &c. he continues,

"These are what Blair calls his grand foundation rules for good speaking; from which, if any man can gather aught, saving and except that the good Doctor loves to talk and write *an*

abundance of nonsense, he is much wiser than any of the offspring of Adam with whom I have ever had intercourse or acquaintance.

" I should certainly never have set so little value on my time, as to wade through Blair at this period of life, if I had not earnestly desired to prevent the youth of Great-Britain from being lectured into dulness and ignorance by this *great master of the art of saying nothing*. I remember, with sorrow and with regret, that many years since I suffered much injury from perusing this book, which was put into my hands, with strong expressions of recommendation, by an *ignorant, formal, obstinate self-witted, abominable old aunt*, who, having *herself neither understanding* nor knowledge, was wonderfully pleased with " Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric;" for conformity of character always produces friendship. I was very young, and received the dogmas of *doting decrepitude* with the reverence due only to the decrees of truth and reason; whereupon I read this book with attention, and endeavoured to follow the rules prescribed in it, with such minuteness of accuracy, that in the course of twelve months *I became so very stupid and ignorant*, that my excellent father was grieved to the heart at the rapid and alarming deterioration of his son's intellect; but his vexation in some measure ceased when he found the cause; for he flung Blair into the fire, and bade me examine for myself, and never again listen to the *yell of infatuated idiocy*. I followed his advice, and have now written these strictures on Blair, that others may be saved from that *gulf of ignorance* and *stupidity*, from which I was fortunately snatched by the timely interference of an enlightened and judicious parent."—334, 5, 6.

We believe that those who have perused the late effusions of Mr. Bristed, will give full credency to his assertions relative to his having become *very stupid and ignorant*; but will hardly take his word when he tells us that he has been " snatched from that gulf of ignorance and stupidity," into which he says he was plunged by Dr. Blair. No,

True to the bottom still behold him creep,
A cold long-winded driveller of the deep!

Or perhaps the following is more applicable to his wonderful ' alacrity in sinking :'

Not so bold B—d, blest with weight of skull,
Furious he drives, precipitately dull.
Whirlwinds and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downwards to climb, and backwards to advance.'

" He (Blair) goes on at his accustomed swing of nonsense, to talk about an universal standard of taste, and internal sense of beauty, the blending of sentiment with reason, and a great deal of more stuff, for the sake of wasting paper, and exposing the nakedness of his own brains. We cannot, however, be misled by the distempered ravings of this man's dreams, if we only keep the great and simple truth steadily in view, that taste, like all other knowledge, is altogether acquired by education, and consequently that the perfection of taste is directly as the knowledge, and inversely as the ignorance of a people; hence we can easily account for the neglect of such writers as Bacon, Locke, Newton, Milton, Burney, Johnson, Sir William Jones, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and a thousand others; while Blair, Malone, Murphy, the *Pursuits of Literature*, the Public Characters, Monboddo, Harris, Peter Pindar, and an innumerable spawn of dulness and malignity, are cherished and admired by a nation which arrogates to itself the name of civilized and learned." p. 202—3.

This railing at the ' *Pursuits of Literature*,' a work from which he has plundered so unmercifully, is like knocking a man on the head, in order to rob him with impunity. But we

will not, at present, further fatigue our readers with this man and his productions. What has been said, we believe, is sufficient to show that it is high time for him to decline soiling paper in the capacity of an author.

SCRAPS.

——Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia.——

A Cure for Love.

The one end of a rope fasten over a beam,
And make a slip noose at the other extreme;
Then just underneath let a cricket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get:
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot;
The cricket kick'd down, let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest to the work of the string.

A wise Valuation.

I've lost my mistress, horse, and wife;
But when I think on human life,
I'm glad it is no worse:
My wife was ugly, and a scold;
My Chloe was grown lean and old—
I'm sorry for my horse!

Effectual Malice.

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Colin's the sharpest is—succeeds the best:
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright,
With serious rancour, and true Christian spite:
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design;
Writes scoundrel verses—and then says they're mine.

The window tax was first introduced in Ireland by the Right Hon. Isaac Corry, who succeeded Sir John Parnell in the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; upon which the following epigram was made:—

For the loss of Sir John we need not be sorry,
His post's better fill'd by keen Isaac Corry,
Who the art of finance has now brought to its height;
For our taxes being heavy, he's laid them on *light*.

Attempt of a lady to assassinate Oliver Cromwell.

Lucretia Grenville was betrothed to Francis, duke of Buckingham, at the time that he fell in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to avenge his death on the murderer. During the three succeeding years she exercised herself with pistols, in firing at the portrait of Cromwell, which she selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original; and as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity of gratifying her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public; and when he did, it was with such precaution that few could approach his person.

An occasion at length occurred:—The city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honour of the Protector, who, either from vanity, or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London with all the splendour of royalty. Upon this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited; and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to neglect so favourable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened, that the procession was to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story of her house, yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design in effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several other female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotions under which she laboured; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it be-

came so strong that she nearly fainted, but, however, recovered just as the usurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim and fired;—but a sudden start, which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction than was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by Henry, the Protector's son, it was laid dead at his feet The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade; and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle.—Above twenty females were on their knees, imploring his mercy with uplifted hands, whilst *one* only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and, looking down contemptuously on the usurper, exclaimed, "Tyrant! it was I who dealt the blow: nor should I be satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that ere a twelve-month has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me!" The multitude, actuated more by fear than love, was preparing to level the house to the ground; when Cromwell cried aloud, with artful *sang froid*, "Desist, my friends! alas! poor woman, she knows not what she does"—and pursued his course; but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested, and confined in a mad house.

TRIAL OF COL. BURR.

(Continued from page 254.)

MONDAY, May 25.

On the Motion to Commit Aaron Burr.

Mr. Wirt observed, that the Attorney of of the United States thought himself possessed of the fullest evidence against Col. Burr, and has moved the court to commit him on the charge of treason. The defendant's counsel complain of the motion, and of want of notice, with little argument but much declamation. They say the attorney's statement resembled an episode, which, although good poetry, were better omitted when such serious matters of fact were in discussion. It may be an episode, and the whole trial a piece of epic action, but we are to look forward to the appropriate catastrophe.

Mr. Bates has stated, that the motion was not legal, because there is a Grand Jury in session. But he did not believe the power of the court was suspended in consequence of that body being in session. Suppose that Burr was brought to Richmond yesterday, and the evidence scattered over the continent, and the attorney might find enough to justify his arrest and commitment for treason, but not enough to authorize a Grand Jury to find a true bill; what is to be done? The court has no power to hear and commit, because there is a Grand Jury in session. The Grand Jury cannot find a true bill, because the evidence is not sufficient to warrant such a finding; the consequence would be that Col Burr must be discharged. And then, according to Mr. Wickham's ethics, as every man is supposed to intend the consequence of his own acts, the gentlemen who advocate this doctrine, intend that Burr shall be discharged without a trial.

If this were law, there could be no hope of justice, and therefore the motion to hear and commit is proper and advisable, under present circumstances. We are told that there is great delicacy in making a law officer give his opinion before the question comes before the Grand Jury; that the Judge, like the juror, should come to the trial with his mind pure and unbiassed. Were this the practice, we should never hear at all; a commitment should take place until a true bill were found. If the legislature should decide that the court which commits shall not sit on the trial of the accused, a motion like the present will be improper.

The investigation has no tendency to keep alive party prejudices. But if Aaron Burr be innocent, he ought to hail this motion with exultation. Why does he shrink from it? It is strange that a man who complains so much of being illegally seized and transported by a military officer, should be afraid to confront his evidence.

He remarked that the act of assembly which had been read by Mr. Wickham, was totally irrelevant—That it applied to the case of a person already committed, declaring that such person shall be bailable, if not indicted at the first term after his commitment.

It is asked why is Gen. Wilkinson not here? Who is Gen. Wilkinson, says Mr. Wickham? Is he not the instrument of the government bound to a blind obedience? I am sorry for such declamatory remarks. I will not degrade the government by entering into its defence. The

administration will be tried before this country, before the world.

He remarked that Wilkinson's affidavit was the key-stone which bound the great arch of evidence in possession of government. That the key was wanting to Gen. Wilkinson's deposition—that key is not obtained.—We therefore hope that the motion to commit Col. Burr will be received, because we think it a legal measure, and a just and necessary measure of precaution.

Mr. Hay remarked that he stood engaged in a performance of a very serious nature. He came to charge Col. Burr with treason. He thought it natural to suppose that a charge so strong would have made a strong impression both on him and his counsel, and that instead of wasting their time by idle cavilling and throwing imputations against the general government, they should have endeavoured to have proven their innocence. Why, therefore, does he complain of persecution? He complains of their descending from the elevated point from which they set out, to the humble employment of arraigning the inferior officers. The counsel for Col. Burr say there is no distinction between the evidence necessary to convict, and that which might satisfy the minds of a grand jury. I would beg leave to declare my opinion that there is no difference.—My opinion is, that probable cause may do in both cases. Whether affidavits may be sent to the grand jury, is a question that may admit of discussion. I know of no precedent on this subject. I never looked for a precedent. Suppose that we withdraw our motion. In that event, is it not possible, although I do not say that it would be the case, that Col. Burr would break his recognizance, and in what a situation would the counsel on the part of the prosecution be placed? Would we not be a fit subject for scorn and mockery to the country? Mr. Hay then read an affidavit, purporting that Gen. Wilkinson was on his way to Richmond.

He observed that the public mind was hostile to any restraint of the press. That the observations which had been published against Col. Burr, were the result of the mass of evidence which was furnished against him. He himself had no intention to wound the feelings of Aaron Burr.

(To be continued.)

A Subpœna has been served upon the President, the Secretaries of War and Navy, as witnesses in behalf of Burr, with directions to bring the letter of Wilkinson of October 21, 1806, referred to in the Message of January 22, 1807; and also a copy of the answer, and of all orders from the War and Navy Departments in relation to Burr.—*Balt. Post.*

Gen. Wilkinson has arrived at Norfolk, on his way to Richmond.

FOREIGN.

A letter from Montevideo, dated March 2, 1807, informs, that Buenos Ayres has declared independence, and formed A REPUBLIC. The Viceroy is arrested as a *traitor*, and for desertion, in having deserted the place with a number of troops, at the commencement of the siege. The English have in that place six thousand troops, and ten ships of war. They have demanded the surrender of Buenos Ayres, but were answered in the negative.

A number of American vessels have been carried into Spanish ports in the Mediterranean, by French privateers, and also a number to the ports of Cuba.

Letters from Hamburgh state that his Prussian Majesty was about assuming the command in chief of his troops, and that he will have for his seconds Gen. Blucher and Gen. L'Estoc. A Russian division will be joined to the army of the king.

It is rumoured at Warsaw that military operations between France, the Porte, and Persia, combined, were about to commence against Russia.

The Grand Seignior is said to have demanded of the French Emperor a considerable number of officers to be employed in the different corps of the Turkish army.

The Boston Centinel mentions that accounts had been received by the way of Malaga, stating that after the English had left the sea of Marmora, an engagement had taken place between the English and Turkish fleets; that the battle was severe and destructive, and the English victorious. The consequence was, that the peace which had been broken off was renewed, and tranquillity restored between the Ottoman Porte, Russia, and England.

THE LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR modest flower, that shun'st parade,
Whose sweets all other sweets excel,
Oft have I sought thee in the shade,
And watch'd thy slowly opening bell.

In Life's fair morn, when I was blest,
And sigh'd like others to be gay,
Pale flower, I plac'd thee at my breast,
And threw the blushing Rose away.

Yet, 'twas not hatred that did guide
My infant choice, and mov'd my scorn;
Methought the Rose seem'd swoln with pride,
Whilst thou wert drooping and forlorn!

May pity ever thus prevail,
And softly all my soul incline
To listen to the plaintive tale,
And make the cause of sorrow mine!

On the Battle of Hohenlinden.

By Thomas Campbell.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of Death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet sound array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,
And vollying like the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder still those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of purpled snow;
And bloodier still shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout, mid their sulphurous canopy.
The battle thickens,—on ye brave!
Who rush to glory and the grave;
(Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!)
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Oh! few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be your winding sheet
And every turf beneath your feet
Shall mark the soldiers cemetry.

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

AS blooming Harriet mov'd along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gazed on with admiration,
Avowed by many an exclamation,
What form, what naiveté, what grace,
What roses deck that Grecian face!
"Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not Harriet's,
'Twas bought at Reynold's, More's, or Marriot's,
And, though you vow her face untainted,
I swear by——your beauty's painted.
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger sought the lovely maid.
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor ev'n the impious oath conceal'd.
Confused, her cheek bore witness true,
By turns the roses came and flew.
"Your bet," she said, "is rudely odd;
But I am painted, Sir, by—God."

Epitaph on a Demagogue Statesman.

HERE rests his Tongue in this deserted place,
A Wight to fortune, and to fame well-known;
Kind Nature stor'd his mind with lib'ral grace,
But DISSIPATION mark'd him for her own.

Wild were his actions, tho' profound his reach,
Fortune her favours did as wildly dash,
He gave his party all he had—a Speech—
His party gave, 'twas all he wish'd—their cash.

No farther seek his vices here to tell,
Or e'en his follies to the world proclaim,
(There they, alas, have long been known too well)
The Idol of his Faction, and their shame.

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